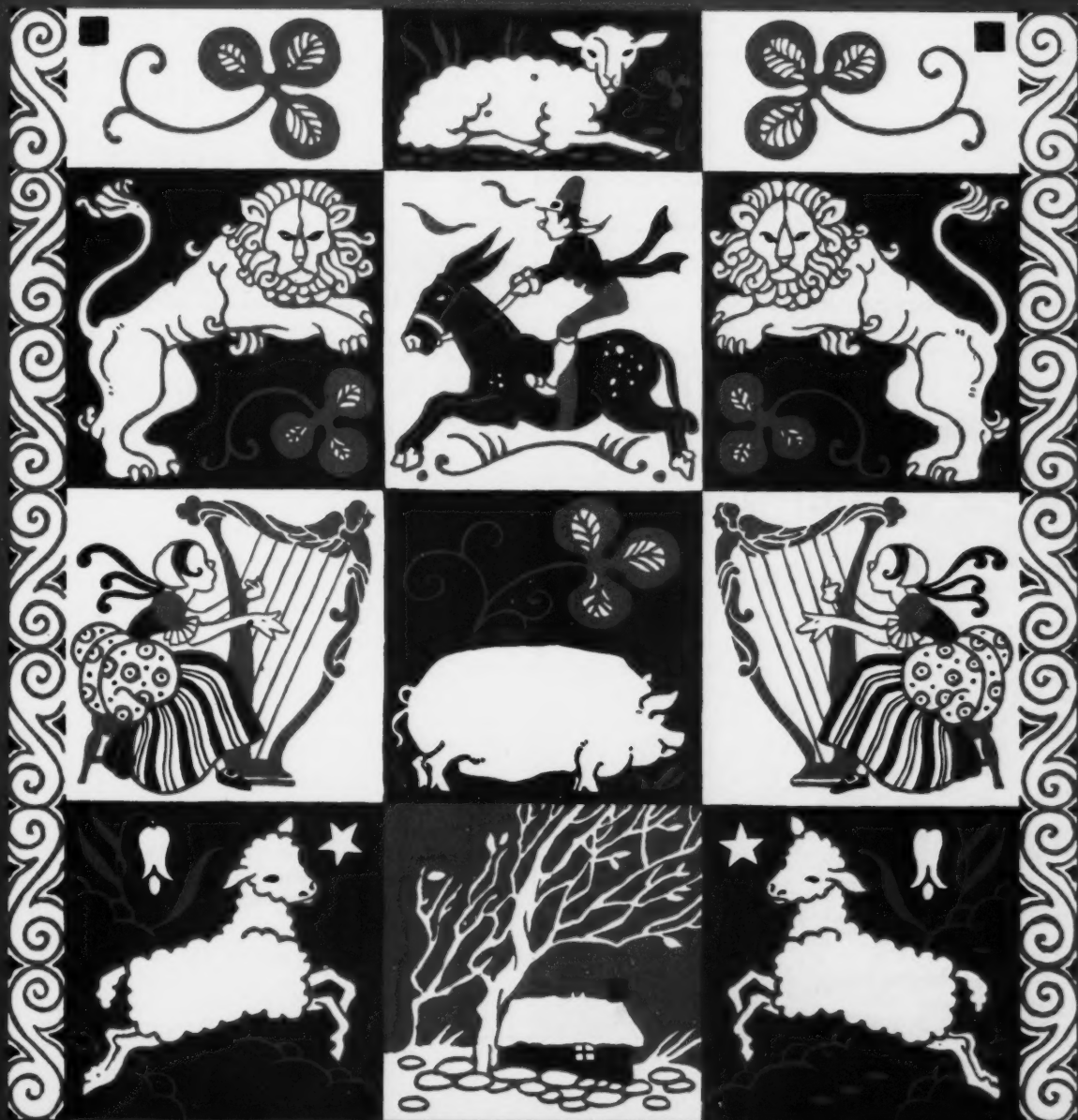


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
March 1931 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



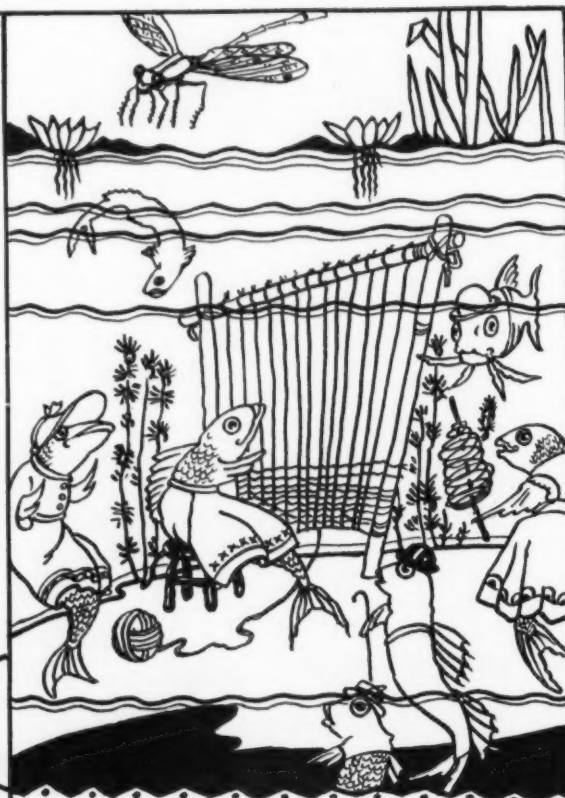
WHEN the first little frog appeared upon the marsh,
The winds blew loud, and the winds blew harsh;
And the poor baby frog was cold and sleepy, too,
And the folk in the lake hardly knew what to do.

So they put him into bed in a warm satin sack,
And he lay quite content in his fine suit of black;
Then from stout willow wands the fishes made a loom,
And bade their friends come to their lake living room.

With lily pads of green, and white petaled flowers,
They all set to work, and worked hours and hours;
They spun some green yarn and a skein or two of
white,
And wove it on the loom, toiling day and night.



THE FIRST FROG SUIT



A Legend written by:
Jessie M. Dowlin: @W:G.

THEY made a green suit with a little white vest,
And said it must be worn for common and for best;
The frog tried it on and it fitted very well;
But he hopped off the marsh, and in the lake he fell!

The lake people cried, "O my and O me!
If his suit should shrink, how sad it would be!"
The frog was so wet his suit was like his skin—
He couldn't get out, so he had to stay in.

But he laughed and he said, as he blew through his
nose,
"How fine! I can swim and wear all my clothes!"
So since then frogs have worn tight green suits,
And they bathe in their clothes and sleep in their
boots.

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The March News in the School

The Classroom Index

Auditorium:

"The First Frog Suit."

Citizenship and Civics:

"Winning Baba's Loom;" "Again the Red Cross Feeds the Hungry;" "Juniors in Other Lands;" "At Easter Time;" "Our American Juniors."

Geography and World Goodwill:

France—"Out to Sea."

Greece (Macedonia)—"Winning Baba's Loom;" "Dear Friends in America."

Jugoslavia—"The Calendar Picture" (Juniors in Other Lands).

Norway—"Dear Friends in America."

United States—"A Forest Turned to Stone;" "Yeitso's Battle with the Sun;" "At Easter Time;" "Our American Juniors."

Other Countries—"The World in Your Telephone;" "Juniors in Other Lands."

Health:

"Winning Baba's Loom;" "Lotor the Washer;" "Cleanliness Poster from Great Britain."

Nature and Science:

"The First Frog Suit;" "A Forest Turned to Stone;" "Lotor the Washer;"—This adorable story of the fastidious raccoons is one of a series in *Holiday Pond* by Edith M. Patch, the Macmillan Company, New York, 1929, \$2.00.

Primary Grades:

"The First Frog Suit;" "Lotor the Washer;" "Yeitso's Battle with the Sun."

Books for Teachers and Pupils

HOW THEY CARRIED THE MAIL. By Joseph Walker. Illustrated by Frank Dobias. Sears Publishing Company, New York, 1930, \$3.00.

In a well-written narrative of about three hundred pages the author tells the story of postmen over a period of five thousand years, from the earliest runners through the most recent achievements in airmail. Stories of ancient times include episodes in Egypt, Greece and Rome and among the Hebrews. Europe and England are included in the medieval period. Stories of the United States begin with Benjamin Franklin and tell about the Pony Express of the pioneer west. Trans-oceanic mail service has several chapters, and fast railway mail delivery is described. Naturally the stories of mail delivery serve as centers for a much wider background of the life of each period.

METTEN OF TYRE. By Helena Carus. Doubleday-Doran, New York, 1930, \$2.00.

Year before last the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS published a number of Metten's adventures in the ancient world. The complete book tells of his voyage through Britain, his journey to Jerusalem, and other wayfarings. The ancient period is made vivid through the eyes of the young hero and heroine. The pictures

are highly sophisticated. My personal favorite is that of a donkey going the opposite direction.

THE TWILIGHT OF MAGIC. By Hugh Lofting. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, 1930, \$2.50.

Based perhaps on the popular whimsy that one's ears burn when others are talking about him, Hugh Lofting has built a children's romance around a "Whispering Shell." The owner is able, by holding the shell to his ear, to hear all conversations about himself, whether flattering or disconcerting. The hero and heroine of the story are a boy and his twin sister to whom this shell is given by a woman whom grown-up people call a witch, but whom children and black cats love. The setting is medieval England, and presumably the miraculous powers of the beneficent clairvoyant are portrayed with serious credence as harmonious with the period. There is a question, whether, in putting to shame the witch-burning spirit of an early age, it is necessary to present fortune-tellers to children as *sooth* sayers indeed. May it not prove a hindrance later in gaining complete mastery over still shackling superstitions? Nevertheless, the innocent magic of the "Whispering Shell" furnishes delightful mystery, and I would be reluctant to sacrifice the black cats, in this particular tale, on the altar of Common Sense.

THE SHADY HILL PLAY BOOK. By Taylor and Greene. Macmillan, New York, \$2.25.

This book, made up of plays created and produced in the Shady Hill School, is the kind that teachers find more exciting than a detective thriller. The plays, as written or arranged by the children producing them, have a type of beauty not possible in most drama written by adults for children. They would be good reading even though they were nothing more; and pupils will find history made more interesting just by hearing them read with the stage directions for action. They are worthy of reproduction in other schools. Of greatest value is the clearly written explanation of how children were inspired to achieve these artistic results and the very practical explanation of making modern and effective scenery out of packing boxes of graduated sizes. The plays include "Roland," "A Christmas Play of the Shepherds," "Sigurd the Volsung," "Our Lady's Tumbler," and several others on historical themes.

TEACHER'S GUIDE TO CHILD DEVELOPMENT. Office of Education Bulletin 1930. No. 26. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1930, 35c.

This bulletin of almost two hundred pages gives valuable explanation and examples of an activity program in schools. There is especial emphasis on activities that develop children in kindergarten and primary groups and some excellent illustrations of facilities available to rural schools where facilities are limited.

Developing Calendar Activities for March

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the American Red Cross

THE April issue of the Junior Red Cross magazines will contain material valuable in preparing to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the American Red Cross; and the May issues of both magazines will be "anniversary specials," containing suggested auditorium programs and features helpful in preparing these. The project is one that can be made of educational value in history or citizenship classes, and in all schools that wish to educate the humanitarian spirit among pupils. Teachers who wish to begin directing study towards the celebration may confer with Junior Red Cross Chairmen, who have already received in mimeographed form an advance plan for the program. Teachers in communities where there is no Red Cross Chapter may secure this advance plan by writing direct to Headquarters offices.

A further suggestion is that study for this project may furnish some excellent material for international correspondence albums, since the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our organization in America will interest fellow members of the Junior Red Cross in all countries.

Christmas Bags for Sailors

Your pupils may have a part in preparing next year's Christmas bags for sailors by applying to the local Red Cross Chapter. They may help sew the bright-colored chintz or cretonne bags and may furnish such simple parts of their contents as are suggested on this month's CALENDAR page. The materials and gifts for the bags should be paid for by the Chapter, however; the Junior Red Cross Service Fund should not be drawn on for this purpose.

World Friendship Exhibits for Goodwill Day

International correspondence albums that are started on their journeys by March 31 will reach other countries in time to be displayed there in a World Goodwill Day exhibit on May 18. It is especially appropriate to include in the greeting letter for these albums a message of goodwill. The composition of such a message may be stimulated by re-reading the composite Goodwill Message sent from the National Convention last May. It was quoted on the editorial page of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS this past September.

"The Poets' Cry for Peace"

THE RED HARVEST. Compiled by Vincent G. Burns. Macmillan Co., New York, 1930, \$3.75.

Mr. Burns' anthology calls up a scene from James Stephens' *Irish Fairy Tales*, in which two chieftains break off their brotherly banqueting together, to battle instead over an impulsively judged point of honor. Annihilation of both their parties is averted when poets circle around the warriors chanting till reconciliation supplants bloodshed.

Notable names are included in the roll, both from the generation of the World War era and their next younger brothers—with a few sisters: "A. E.," Conrad Aiken, Richard Aldington, the Benés, Rupert Brooke, Witter Bynner, Edmund Vance Cooke, Robert Frost, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Robert Graves, Thomas

Hardy, Robert Hillyer, Joyce Kilmer, Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Markham, John Masefield, John McCrae, Alfred Noyes, John Oxenham, Robert Haven Schaufler, Robert Service, Allan Seager, Henry Van Dyke, Katharine Lee Bates, Angela Morgan, Josephine Preston Peabody, Jessie Rittenhouse, Sara Teasdale, Nancy Byrd Turner, Margaret Widdemer—in all more than 250 voices. For the purpose of the collection, such inclusiveness is desirable and impressive.

The volume is skillfully arranged in fifteen sections, each with its own movement, but with a dominant motif through all. One section remembers old wars. One "The Federation of the World," is prophetic of, or at least wistful for, human unity. In many of the poems direct from the battlefield, an uncowardly cry against unproductive death is passionate; in the noblest is found a fundamental protest against the awfulness of having to hurt and destroy fellow beings; in a few the ultimate solution is offered—a courageous choice of peace as opposed to competition in individual living. The human waste of war is set off in sharp relief by the pitiful survival of men's mercies even in war, as shown in Oxenham's "Only a Stretcher-Bearer," Binyon's "The Healers," and Katharine Lee Bates' "The Song That Shall Atone." It is a book to be read with a rush, with thought, but also with the heart. Honest reading cannot but compel a constructive pity.

STRANGE SPLENDOR. By Ernest Hartsock. Address E. A. Hartsock, Sr., Box 67, Sta. E, Atlanta, Ga. 1930, \$2.00.

Some of the poems in this volume will inevitably find their way into collections for school use; a number of them have already found place in general anthologies of value: Braithwaite's and Moulton's annual anthologies of "best poetry;" collections of Southern poetry, like the book of Georgia verse recently issued by Oglethorpe University, where the author taught; and *Red Harvest* reviewed above.

A section of easily apparent interest interprets the author's native South, including a number of poems not too difficult for elementary and junior high-school classroom study: "Tennis Player," "Southern Day Coach," "Sonnet to a Breakfast," and others. "Lament Picaresque" will interest boys enamoured of Robin Hood in distinguishing thoughtfully between the outlaws of romance and the banditry of modern life. Throughout the book there are many in which intensity of feeling, matured gentleness of spirit, and a singing simplicity of rhythm are combined; such poems as "Adventure with Violets," "Walk Gently in the Woods," and "Forest Fires."

All the poems are marked by compression and polish. Each word carries the thought forward; and the thought, particularly in the philosophic poems, is honest and profound. There is a moving strength above self-pity, in the title poem, in "Ever Olympus," "Lacrimae Rerum," "Second Coming," and others.

The protests against war and all cruelty "lit by the callow indolence of man" are given significance by a preknowledge of death poignant in many of the poems. The author died a short time after publication of his book. Two sonnets of searching appeal against the spirit of hatred were quoted, after his death, in the January 17th issue of the *Literary Digest*.

Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

A Junior Red Cross Garden

THE article quoted below tells of a delightful garden project. It was sent to THE TEACHER'S GUIDE by Mrs. Lillian Bottorff, Principal of South Grade School, Lake Worth, Florida. In her letter she said, "The project proved very interesting to us, because it was not a stereotyped plan but developed naturally. The Junior Red Cross is the axis about which all our school work rotates. We find it very pleasurable and beneficial." That other teachers will find her contribution pleasant and helpful reading is assured.

In our Primary Grades the little ones bring lovely flowers every day; but one day there was an unusual profusion of beautiful flowers in response to the teachers' request for as many different kinds as possible. Even the children noted the effect of the flowers upon the room—the cheer and beauty they added. One of the little boys who remembered the work of the Junior Red Cross last year, remarked, "It seems like we ought to divide them with someone who is sick." One little girl in school had an invalid father and he loved flowers. Immediately they decided to send a bouquet to her father. The pupils of the other rooms wanted to share their flowers too, and asked me to find out if there were other pupils who had someone in the family ill. I investigated, and as a result all of the flowers were sent, some of them to the hospital in West Palm Beach.

The next day the school received circulars to be distributed to the pupils. All of the civic clubs of the city had united and sent an appeal to the people of the city to plant flowers and shrubs and try to make Lake Worth one of the most beautiful cities in Florida. When these circulars were read to the little ones, they expressed a desire to plant flowers on the school grounds. This was discussed in each of the three rooms, and finally it was decided that they would work together, and make a school flower garden.

Much discussion followed. The location was soon agreed upon; but it was not a very easy matter to decide upon the kinds of flowers so they turned their attention to what to do with the flowers, and finally an idea came to one, to grow flowers to cheer sick and lonely people. It would be a Junior Red Cross garden. This idea was unanimously accepted.

An Excursion

Interest now was very high. As they could not agree upon the kinds of flowers to plant, I suggested an excursion to a nursery and florists' home. They wanted to go at once.

In our P. T. A. we have a Grade Mother for each room, selected by the pupils of that room. The Grade Mother works with the teacher, and relieves her by interviewing parents, arranging for transportation and other details of an activity. The Grade Mother in one room had not been elected, but a brisk election followed the announcement of the excursion. Then the matter was referred to the Grade Mothers. While we were waiting for a report from them, the pupils discussed what they would want to look for on an excursion, and in the Third Grade the suggestions were written on the board as they were made. We soon had the following:

I. The different kinds of flowers: names, height, color, odor, kind of soil required, fertilizer required, depth to plant, sunshine or shady location, time of blooming.

II. Care of flowers: water—amount needed; enemies—bugs, insects, worms, diseases; friends—birds, toads, sprays, powders.

The Rules of Behavior

One of the Grade Mothers reported that they could go Monday after school, but one Grade Mother gave a report that was like the explosion of a bomb. She was afraid that we might not be welcome at a nursery or florist shop. (She did not know that we had received two very cordial invitations to beautiful nurseries.) She thought it would be a hard task to take the children.

I wish you could have seen the look of consternation upon their little faces when this report was given. But I was glad it happened, because children often do wrong things thoughtlessly, and this report set them to thinking. I asked them what they thought she meant, and they immediately gave a number of suggestions about walking on flowers, handling or picking flowers, and being noisy. We postponed the excursion until Thursday afternoon. On Tuesday morning, the pupils made a code of rules of behavior on the excursion. They had had ample time to ponder over the report and weigh and consider it carefully. The code decided upon was written on the board and copied in the note-books of the Third Grade pupils. There was no discipline problem on the excursion; it was practically a self-government affair. This code gave them right ideas, knowledge and ideals of citizenship, rights and protection of other people's property.

Plotting the Garden

The following day they began plans for making the garden. They made plans on the sand-table in each room, divided in three parts and laid out in paths. They divided by measuring the tables, then counting by 3's; but I showed the Third Grade how quickly it could be done by another method (which we needed to learn later in the year), and introduced short division, which was very fascinating to them.

The middle plot was given to the Third Grade. They decided to have a square bed in the center of the plot. On this they planted a cross of red carnations, the symbol of the living mother, and the corners were filled with white sweet alyssum, so everyone can see that it is a Red Cross garden.

In all of the rooms flower posters and booklets were made, flower stories, poems, and playlets read, and pictures of flowers brought.

By the end of the year, the results of the project, judged by the activities, attitudes, skills, and ideals of the children will have been:

A. Nature Study: recognition of many flowers; increased knowledge of flowers including relations of birds, toads, and insects to plants, and effects of weather upon plants.

B. English: motivation for oral and written English, in making the plans for the garden, plans for excursion, the code of rules of behavior, and writing original poems.

C. Writing: copying in note-books the original poems and code of rules of behavior; making booklets.

D. Reading: stories, poems, plans on board, group compositions, vocabulary increase through booklets and posters.

E. Arithmetic: measuring plots, dividing plots, counting by 3's, introduction to short division in Third Grade; proportion of tall plants to short plants; width of paths, counting number of paths.

F. Spelling: increase in spelling ability to satisfy needs of new words in booklet-making and written work.

G. Health: example of life and flowers, through fresh air, water, sunshine, out-door work.

H. Art: free-hand cutting; free-hand drawing; flower arrangement; study of masterpieces of flowers, such as "The Flower Girl of Holland" and others.

I. Music: flower songs.

J. Humane Education: kindness and protection to friends of garden—toads and birds.

K. Traits of character and habits developed: appreciation, love of flowers, love of birds, kindness, sympathy, observation, pride, curiosity, accuracy, neatness, cooperation, respect for other people's property, dependability (in caring for flowers).

They will have covered the major points in the Outline of the Course of Study for Nature Study, in an interesting and enjoyable way, instead of learning isolated bits of information.

But best of all, this Red Cross garden will afford an opportunity for them to carry out the motto: "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."

Fitness for Service for March

NEWTON, Massachusetts, has done a significant piece of health education work in which Junior Red Cross has cooperated actively. A good summary of the program from there was given at the National Convention a year ago by the Junior delegates, from Newton, William Durbin and Paul Felt:

One hundred per cent membership in the Junior Red Cross is the record attained by the schools of Newton, Massachusetts, a residential city of 60,000 inhabitants and a suburb of Boston. The Junior Red Cross and the school department work in close cooperation, under the supervision and guidance of Miss Bragg, our Assistant Superintendent of Schools, who is the Junior Red Cross Chairman.

The boys and girls like to feel they help others by giving. By making gifts and cards, especially at the holiday seasons, they make others, less fortunate than they, happier. The Children's Hospital, the Old People's Home, the Veterans' Hospital, the Peabody Home for Crippled Children are all remembered from time to time, and we are trying to make life more beautiful for these people who are lonely or who are suffering.

The money given by the children is used in various ways. The schools subscribe to two magazines, the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS and JUNIOR RED CROSS JOURNAL. These publications are used in the classrooms, especially in social studies, current events and reading.

An extensive health program is carried on in our schools. Physical defects are corrected, glasses provided, tonsils and adenoids removed, teeth repaired, and milk supplied to those children who need such care and whose parents cannot provide this help. The Junior Red Cross helps to finance some of these cases, and in this way has an important place in our comprehensive school health program, thus helping to make our children healthier and happier and more able to serve their fellow men.

Our Junior Red Cross sends children to the country for vacation in the summer time. The country vacations are made possible for those who are undernourished, for those who are unhappy because of unfortunate home conditions, for nervous children, and for others who are generally below par physically.

With the help of the school nurses the boys and girls are selected, given physical examinations, and sent to camp where they enjoy themselves from two to eight weeks, according to the individual need. Last year twenty-six boys and girls were sent to camps in the country in various sections of New England. Often the applicants are not able to provide the necessary equipment and care, so again the Juniors lend a hand.

At camp, under the careful supervision of doctors and nurses, great improvement is noted. In one case there was a gain of twenty-one pounds during an eight weeks' stay. In every case the child returns healthier, happier, and more alert for school activities.

So you see, in Newton, Massachusetts, there is nothing spectacular to report, and no great variety in the work. This year we have also had great need to help families that are suffering because of unemployment. This has been another chance to serve.

Reporting Success in Alaska

There is always a strong appeal in reports of work done in the little native schools in Alaska. One such report has waited over-long for quotation:

"I wish to tell you how much the children at my school love to belong to the Junior Red Cross. They are willing to give up habits of long standing, such as chewing and smoking tobacco, to be fit for better service and promote health of mind and body. It would make your heart glad to see the difference it has made in their looks, and in the hygienic conditions in their homes. We have been working quietly the last three years, and now I feel justified in reporting success. I am proud of the Bethel Junior Red Cross.

We have certain local rules, such as studiousness, cleanliness, truthfulness. If these rules are broken, the culprit is voted out by the other members. I have seen some of

the offenders crying as if their hearts would break, but it always helps; and as soon as they mend their ways they are taken back.

This week the children are going to decide on subscribing the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for the school, find out if anyone has broken the rules, and what has been done in the line of service. Most of the children are at the fish camps now, but they always come in for the week-ends.

The Drought and Calories

A county nutritionist from one of the southern states reported the way in which Red Cross nutrition workers and home demonstration agents are carrying on their vital instruction in a time when problems multiply:

This year of the drought there is more necessity than ever for emphasizing balanced diet. The home demonstration agent is demonstrating home bread making as a less expensive way, so that the rest of the money may be used for vegetables and fruits. As one little colored boy whom we met said, "Oh, yeah? Well, yo' sho' am goin' have a hard time findin' them there coweries this heah year." Plans have been worked out by the social service league for the nutritionist to discuss with the workers the nutrition cases, and in some places visit them.

The school statistician and the nutritionist are working to discover if there is any relation between nutrition and absenteeism, behavior, and mental progress. The teachers last year kept very complete records of absences and their causes, so there is something from which to work. The school plan for this year, as worked out with the superintendent of schools, is for the teacher to write the nutritionist whenever the teacher needs her as a co-worker. A letter has been sent to the teachers, telling definitely what the nutritionist has to offer. This letter contains available helps and suggestions which are worked out from the teacher's course of study. A form is sent with the letter, so that the teacher may note when she wishes the nutritionist and the types of help she wants. The nutritionist then will meet with all supervisors and their various groups of teachers.

Teachers who are facing nutrition problems among pupils will be particularly interested in the mimeographed bulletin "Food for Families at Low Cost." This may be secured through the United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Home Economics, Washington, D. C.

New Editions of Supplementary Helps

The School Health Service of the Quaker Oats Company, 141 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, has published large editions of "Around the World with Hob" and "Travels of a Rolled Oat." The former may now be secured for all children in the primary grades, and the latter for all pupils in the fourth and fifth grades.

The Cleanliness Institute, 45 East 17th Street, New York City, supplies a booklet "Policing the Mouth" to accompany a set of lantern slides on biologic cleanliness. "The slides and manuscripts are lent free—return postage to be paid by the user. Shipping weight fourteen pounds. Each user is requested to report back information and criticism on the form supplied." The booklet itself is illustrated, and the lectures for each slide would have considerable interest for schools not equipped with lanterns for stereopticon lectures.

A new pamphlet ARC 717 "Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, Courses in Schools," supersedes the old NH 160 and 168 listed in the February TEACHER'S GUIDE. The pamphlet gives the essential information about organizing these health courses in schools. It will be sent free upon request.

Lotor, the Washer

EDITH M. PATCH

Illustrations by R. Bruce Horsfall

ONE pleasant evening in May, after the sun had set, Mother Lotor went for her usual walk. The shad bushes were white with bloom and the plum trees scattered their fragrance through the dusk, but Mother Lotor did not seem to notice the flowers. She was hungry. She had eaten nothing since the night before.

When she reached the stream she paused for a moment to look and listen and sniff. She did not rest on her toes like a cat or a dog. She stood with the bare soles of her feet flat on the ground, as a bear does. Because of the shape of her feet the marks she made in the mud were somewhat like the prints of a baby's hands.

She was about thirty inches long from the tip of her nose to the tip of her bushy tail. The fur next her body was dull brown, but the longer hairs were gray and those on the back were tipped with black. Her pointed head was shaped like that of a fox. Part of her face was whitish but her cheeks near the eyes were black.

Mother Lotor was a raccoon. She was a skilful hunter and fisher. She caught a few frogs and ate them. She caught some little fish and tossed them on the shore.

The frogs and fish were quite clean. They had just been taken from the water where they had soaked all their lives. But before she ate Mother Lotor washed each one with her hands and with her feet. She squeezez it and she crushed it. Leisurely she rested her back against a tree and held her food between her feet while

she stripped the white meat into shreds and ate it daintily from her hands.

After her evening meal she took a little walk, and then went home to feed her five babies. When they had sucked their milk they cuddled together and went to sleep. At first they had been blind and very helpless but they were now old enough to open their eyes and to play with one another a little in their tiny nursery, in a hollow of an old tree.

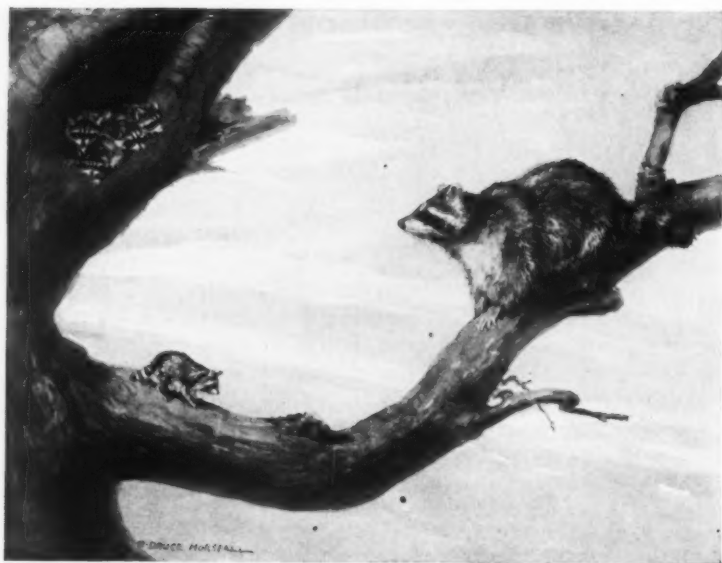
A woodpecker had started the hollow years before, rather high up in the tree where a branch had been broken off in a storm. The woodpecker nested there one season and after that some squirrels used it for a bedroom and pantry. A tree frog found the rotting wood at the bottom of the hollow one cold autumn night so he dug in and spent the winter. He lived there four or five years except for a while each spring when he went to join the spring chorus in the pond. As the opening through the bark became older and bigger, more and more rain and snow drifted in each year and the wet wood rotted.

Big ants tunneled through the edges and boring beetles made their trails. So the woodpecker and the squirrels and the tree frog and ants and beetles and doubtless many other creatures had been the strange carpenters that had helped make the tree cabin large enough for the Lotor family.

The five little Lotors knew nothing about all the strange world outside their hollow. They



Before she ate, Mother Lotor washed each one



Mother Lotor stood on a branch below the hollow and called her young

did not even know their own father very well, yet. He came and looked at them, and sometimes he brought meat to Mother Lotor. She took such food to the pond or the stream and washed it. Perhaps Father Lotor had squeezed and pounded it in the stream before he gave it to her, but she felt a need to wash it for herself.

For several months Father Lotor did much of his fishing and hunting alone, although he often met Mother Lotor. One night early in July he went to watch a turtle. Her head and the front edges of her shell were up out of the mud but not much else showed. She had been there for almost a week. Father Lotor had seen her a night or two before and had watched her then for a few hours. She was a big snapping turtle and he was not foolish enough to try to catch her even if she was deep in mud. This happened to be the end of her stay, however, and at last she wallowed out and walked off with awkward thumping, dragging steps toward a pond half a mile away.

Before she was well out of sight, Father Lotor was busy digging in the mud. He uncovered about three dozen eggs. Then he gave a call. His voice trembled and perhaps if you had heard him you would have thought the quavering sound was the note of an owl. But Mother Lotor, who happened to be hunting not far away, knew who spoke. A few minutes later the two raccoons were seated beside the turtle's nest ready for a feast. In the hands of each was a little ball-shaped egg. Each nipped a hole in the whitish shell and drank daintily, spilling hardly a drop. Egg after egg was eaten in this way until the meal was finished.

Then Mother Lotor ran back to her five hungry baby raccoons and Father Lotor climbed a tall pine tree and went to sleep in an empty crow's nest. By curving his body until the tip of his nose was covered by the tip of his fluffy tail, he fitted the crow's nest very well.

One evening when Father and Mother Lotor happened to be washing their food together, they heard a cry. You might have thought it was made by a frightened human baby. Mother Lotor rushed to the hollow tree and there at the foot of the tree was a little raccoon. He had climbed out of the hollow and fallen.

Mother Lotor urged him back up the tree by following him and poking him with her nose. When he reached the hollow she gave him a gentle shove and he cuddled against the other little raccoons, still whimpering with fright.

The next night Mother Lotor climbed to a branch below the hollow and called her young ones. They liked the excitement of feeling the breeze against their fur and before many nights had gone by, they went into the hollow only to sleep during the day.

One evening about that time Father Lotor called to his family, and Mother Lotor led the five little Lotors to the pond. There stood Father Lotor and near him was the picnic dinner he had brought them.

The old raccoon had found a hen on a low branch of a tree in a neighboring farmyard. He was strong and skilful and he had twisted her neck as quickly as a man could have done. He had pulled out the feathers, and washed the hen in the pond. He had squeezed it with his hands and pounded it with his feet. Mother Lotor washed it, too, just as he had done. Then she tore off some shreds of the meat for the five little Lotors, who washed them at the edge of the pond before they ate them.

That was not the last time that the little Lotors went on a picnic with their father and mother. Indeed, every night now the family hunted together or within call of one another.

The fourth night out was an unhappy one for Cubby Lotor. The evening started very pleasantly with a blueberry picnic on the hill. It was the first time Cubby had tasted berries and he ate the sweet ripe fruit busily un-

til he found a rather large insect that jumped, and wandered off alone on a grasshopper hunt.

After a time he came to an old log that made a bridge across a little brook. Cubby really liked to wade in the water and could already swim very well. But all raccoons like old logs, so it was natural for Cubby to creep along this one. In the air just over the middle of the log dangled a bit of bright tin that glistened in the moonlight. Raccoons like to play with little shiny things, so naturally Cubby reached out one hand to tap the bit of tin. Then the hard jaws of a cruel trap snapped and caught three of Cubby's fingers in a grip of pain.

His wail of terror reached his mother's ear and she ran—oh how she ran! She felt his poor hand quivering in the trap and she did very quickly the only thing she could to save him. Her sharp teeth made three swift cuts and Cubby was free, all but the ends of the three fingers which the trap still held.

The next day the man from the farm happened to pass near the stream. When he noticed what was in the trap he took it and threw it in the deepest water in the pond. Then he nailed a sign—NO STEEL TRAPS ALLOWED HERE—to a tree near the log.

"I had two pet coons once," he told the boys who were spending the summer at the farm, "and I liked them. No hunter is going to trap these animals on my place if I can help it. I keep a watch-dog that will scare the raccoons out of the corn field. I build a henhouse they can't get into. They are welcome on the rest of the farm."

Cubby Lotor's accident did not prevent his going to the next family picnic. That was the night the Lotors started for the seashore.

The sea was only a few miles from the farm but it took them a week or more to reach it. There were so many interesting things on the way that they did not hurry. As they followed the crooked stream they had plenty of water in which to wash their food.

Early every morning they hunted for places where they might nap during the day. They did not try to sleep together. Each found a crow's nest or a hollow in a tree or some such bed,

or slept curled up in a crotch between branches.

One night they found a bee tree. Cubby and his brothers and sisters had never tasted anything so sweet in their lives. Luckily for them, raccoon fur is so thick that bees cannot sting through it. The corn picnic was one of the best ones. Father Lotor found the corn field first and called to the others. The juicy corn tasted so good that they could hardly wait to finish one ear before they began to husk another. They would soon have spoiled many ears if a dog had not chased them away from the field.

One night they came to a large summer camp where some of the garbage pails were not covered. They helped themselves to pieces of sandwiches, cake and blueberry pie and cookies and took them to the stream and washed them before eating them. The edge of the stream was muddy at that place and the bits of cake and pie were rather queer by the time they had been squeezed and washed. But the raccoons did not mind.

When they reached the seashore they hunted clams when the tide was low. This was such fun that the Lotors dug and ate a great many. They spent the autumn weeks wandering along the coast and up and down the neighboring streams. All this time their greatest pleasure was in hunting food and eating it. This was fortunate for them; for before cold weather comes raccoons should be fat—very fat indeed. If they had lived in the south they could have found some food in the winter but these raccoons were northerners and their hunting grounds would be covered with snow for many months.

They came to a little cave one night in November. Some boys who had played there the summer before had left a wooden box in one corner. The Lotors crept into the box without bothering to gather dry leaves for bedding. Their fur was so soft and thick that they needed neither mattress nor blankets. It snowed the next day and the weather grew colder and colder. But the Lotors were asleep.

During the winter when the weather was not

very cold, they wakened and walked at night, leaving their flat-footed tracks in the snow. But they found little to eat and they were drowsy; so they went back to their box and slept again.



*Father Lotor found
a cornfield*



COURTESY ATCHESON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILWAY

The man stands upon a log of stone

A Forest Turned to Stone

ARIZONA'S Petrified Forest is one of the proofs of how very old our world is. Perhaps its name brings up a picture of ranks of trees all turned to stone where they stood. But that is not the case. The scientists say that it is some two hundred million years since the stone logs now scattered over many miles in eastern Arizona started life in a forest somewhere else.

For instance, the tall trunk of stone that now makes a natural bridge across the gulley in the picture did not fall as a tree of living wood. Floods whirled and drifted it far away from the forest in which it fell ages ago. Finally it became water-logged, and settled down on a sand bar. Through thousands of years clay and sand piled up on it. It was more and more deeply embedded. Then the sea came over that region, and for some thousands of years in its long, long history, the log lay under its burden of earth at the bottom of the ocean. There was an upheaval and gradually the ocean bed rose and the water moved away. Winds and weather



A. T. & S. F. RY.

Wood no longer, but jasper, carnelian and onyx

began to tear at the exposed surface. At length they reached the log. It looked very much as it had done when it dropped under water, but it was no longer wood. In its ages down in the earth, mineral matter dissolved in the soil had taken the place of the wood. The stone had formed itself exactly in the mold of the wood cells that had crumbled away, and the log was petrified. The sandstone around and beneath it crumbled away also, and there it lies.

That is the scientists' account of how the Petrified Forest of Arizona came to be.

The Navajos explain it with the story of Yeitso, which Dr. Reagan tells on the opposite page.

The Petrified Forest is one of our national monuments. Every year thousands of visitors enjoy the sight. The most beautiful part is the Rainbow Forest. Outside, the logs are a reddish brown, but a cross-section cut through shows all the colors of the rainbow. The ground around is paved with black and yellow and brown and white bits of agate, onyx, carnelian and jasper.

Yeitso's Battle with the Sun

A Navajo Legend of the Petrified Forest

ALBERT B. REAGAN

Decoration by Alice Acheson

IN the early days of the world the sun did not ride tranquil and undimmed through the sky as he does now. Then a black monster called Yeitso continually contested his supremacy.

Yeitso would sally forth to the contests from a cave in the big mountains. He had long arms with great muscles, and hands with powerful claws. And his bones were like stone. His head was burly and massive, with streaming dark hair. When he stood erect he could reach the sun anywhere in the sky, though he usually attacked in the forenoon and afternoon hours.

When Yeitso was defeated he would have to rest many days, or even months, before he could renew the attack, but he was never vanquished. Also, at times during those terrible bouts he would get a finger, a hand or an arm or leg so broken that he would have to cut it off and throw it away. But he possessed the power to grow a new part in the place of the disabled one; so in a short time he could battle with the sun as before. The bones of these discarded members, which were of stone, he threw out from his cave as they got in his way. Thus for ages the stone bones accumulated, and the fights continued.

Some miles from Yeitso's mountain there lived in a grass hogan a boy named Kee with his grandmother and his sister. One winter it got very cold and at last their fuel gave out. So Kee went out to the mountains for pitch wood. His grandmother told him to start for home as soon as it began to get dark; but as the sun had set before he reached the forest he slept out where he was. Then on the next day he went into the mountains and found what he supposed was pitch wood. He chopped a lot of this and started home with a load on his back.

He reached home as it was growing dark the second night, so he slept outdoors in front of the

hogan. In the morning his grandmother came out and saw the wood. She scolded him and told him to throw it away, for it was not really pitch wood at all, but the bones of Yeitso.

Kee grew to be a great man. Again and again

he visited the mountain where he had obtained the bone-wood; and in this mountain he prayed and made sacrifices time after time. Then one day he discovered the cave where Yeitso lived. The following morning Kee told the rising sun about the abode of his ancient enemy.

Just as Kee was telling the sun the news he saw the great black monster

rising above the mountains to attack. Nearer and nearer Yeitso approached the bright and shiny face of the sun. In his rage his big eyes were dreadful to see, and his great arms were spread wide and his mammoth clawed hands opened and shut convulsively. Suddenly the huge form plunged forward to spring on the sun and drag him out of the sky.

Quickly Kee called the men of his tribe together and they prayed desperately for the powers of good to help in this battle against darkness. But right against the sun leaped Yeitso, his fierce arms and clawing hands outstretched. The battle began in earnest. The sun attacked with his millions of rays, and, aided by the prayers of the good people of earth, finally overcame Yeitso.

In this battle of all battles the sun's rays pierced Yeitso's body and the black monster's blood streamed out. On reaching the earth it was congealed in lava flows. Then, finally, exhausted by the terrible combat, Yeitso fell back to the earth dead, and the sun mounted triumphantly in the heavens, spreading his invigorating and cheering light over land and sea. And to this day the country both north and south of the Colorado River over which the battle was fought is covered with the bones of Yeitso.





*Yoakim hid a heel of bread
in his belt*

Winning Baba's Loom

LESLIE G. CAMERON

Illustrations by M. Bouglé

WINDING a woolen belt many times around his waist, Yoakim hid in its folds a length of towel, a heel of bread and a handkerchief in which two dinars were knotted. It did not occur to him that he looked strangely, because all Macedonian peasants wear such belts and use them for pockets.

"It is bitter weather for January," said Baba Kamitch. "I'm afraid the water will cramp your muscles or you will take cold."

Yoakim laughed. "Why, Baba, I've been in the river every day since the bishop said I could swim for the cross. It is lucky the presednik of Rasanya Village was with the bishop when I asked, for at first Vladika Yosef said, 'No, indeed!' Presednik Zhunich felt my muscles, and I told them both how often we have mended your loom and that you must have a new one. I told you, Baba, that the presednik sighed and said he wished his Nikola had my strength and ambition. So the vladika said that although all the other swimmers are full grown, and Mirko Tomovitch is one of them, I may try if you are willing. And you know you are, Baba."

"I said so, Yoakim, but now I worry. I do not believe Presednik Zhunich would let Nikola go into the water this freezing day."

"But, Baba, Nikola is not strong, and he is the only boy after six sisters. I am not afraid of the cold nor of Mirko Tomovitch, even if he is the best swimmer in four villages. He wants money to start a butcher shop, but he has always sold meat from his home; he can do it one little year longer. There isn't much a boy can do to earn dinars outside of school hours, and without your weaving we cannot live. Do not

worry, little Baba. I shall get the cross, and you will have the new loom."

Tears came into Baba's blind eyes. Her grandson was her comfort and joy. "All right," she said; and, kissing him on both cheeks, she added, "rub yourself well after you come out of the water, and go quickly to Petar Radovich's kafana for a cup of hot milk-coffee. The two dinars are in your belt."

Yoakim started across the fields. B-r-r-r, Baba was right. It was bitter weather for January. Three inches of snow crunched crisply under his feet. The circling mountains, white against the blue Macedonian sky, thrilled him so that he sang as he walked. In distant roads he could see peasants plodding towards Rasanya Village. Surely a great crowd would be there, and that meant plenty of money to buy the loom. Perhaps there might even be enough for—but one should not dream foolishly of a donkey to carry Baba to market with her weaving. Nikola Zhunich had a pony, and the presednik a new automobile; but Nikola was not strong, and though everyone liked his kind heart, they scolded about his foolish pranks. Yoakim was strong and well, and worked too hard to get into mischief.

In the outskirts of Rasanya Village, the fields opened upon the main road, which was filled with peasants walking, riding horseback or jogging on donkeys toward the bridge over the Vardar. Yoakim saw that both banks of the river were crowded with onlookers. The long wooden bridge, spanning the swift water, was decorated with church banners, flags and evergreen twined with basil. Yoakim half slid, half ran down a steep bank, and joined a group of men and boys at the river's edge. A first flicker of doubt assailed Yoakim. He was large for twelve, but not one of his eleven companions was less than eighteen years old, and most of them were full-grown men. Thirty-five-year-old Mirko Tomovitch towered like a giant.

Music drifted from Cathedral Hill. The special church service for the day when Christ was baptised in the River Jordan was over. The

procession had started down the hill to the Var-dar. Soon would come the most exciting event of the day's celebrations, the swim for the cross. Everyone on the river banks turned to watch the singing altar-boys, the choir, the priests, the bishop and the soldiers as they came down the rocky slope. Red and gold the satin banners gleamed against the sky, and the priestly robes and vladika's miter and staff flashed in the sun.

The procession drew nearer, and all the swimmers stripped to the trunks they had worn under their heavy homespun. The wind slashed Yoakim's bare back, and the water looked black and ran with cruel swiftness. Mirko Tomovitch noticed his blue lips and shivering limbs.

"Here, Yoakim," he cried, "warm up, or you'll have cramps when you strike the water." He made Yoakim thrash his arms together, while he rubbed the boy's back and chest until the blood was racing warmly through his veins.

Vladika Yosef walked to the center of the bridge. Right and left he blessed the people and then the river. Around him were grouped the altar-boys and priests. The soldiers had reserved places on the banks. The singing ceased. Yoakim, looking up, shielded his eyes to watch the vladika. He heard the bishop tell of the first baptism in the River of Jordan, and the many long centuries that the custom of throwing the cross in the river on this day had been observed in Eastern countries. He held up a wooden cross about a foot long, then flung it far out. Down, down it dropped to the rushing water. At that moment twelve bodies hurtled into the river.

For an instant the icy chill stopped Yoakim's breath, and he felt himself turning helplessly in the current. Then his lungs expanded, and, raising his head, he saw the cross carried by the current just in front of him. Then how he swam! Some one passed him. Another powerful figure swept by. He knew he was swimming his very best. But there seemed to be some trouble. He could not forge ahead. The cross—yes, there it was, bobbing on the water, but far beyond his grasp. A strong arm pulled him toward the bank.

"Come on, Yoakim," some one was saying. "It's all over. Mirko has it."

Yoakim found himself on a rocky ledge, quite a distance from the starting point. A lad came running with his clothes. Kind hands rubbed him dry, and a dozen voices urged him to hurry to the kafana for some hot milk-coffee. But Yoakim was dazed. He could hardly believe he had not won. He had been so sure. Yet he saw Mirko moving in the crowds, people kissing the cross, and, according to custom, rewarding Mirko's swiftness and zeal with gifts of money.

Yoakim dressed quickly. Bitterness surged in his heart. Mirko did not need the butcher shop as Baba Kamitch needed the loom. Pulling away from the people who were praising his effort and urging him to drink some coffee, Yoakim turned homeward. Stumbling across the snowy field, he choked back his tears until Rasanya Village and the bridge were out of sight. Then he leaned against a tree and cried as if his heart would break. But he remembered Baba, and how quickly her sensitive fingers would discover his tears. So lifting his face to the bitter wind, he started on again. There were yet two uphill miles before him, and the road which led to his village fields was narrow and treacherous.

Suddenly he looked, then looked again. What? No—yes! It was the presednik's new automobile. But what was the matter? The car was racing madly down a steep incline toward a roughly laid wooden bridge, below which was a gully, dry in the winter, but bedded with cruel rocks. Yoakim shouted and waved his arms. Even donkey loads went slowly over those boards. In a flash he understood. Nikola, the pampered and frail, though apparently he knew little about driving, had taken the car while his parents were at Rasanya bridge. The car whirled on the loose planks, struck a slender rail, placed only to guide donkeys in the dark, flung a wheel far down to the rocks, and with a clash of metal and breaking glass, turned on its side, and lay partly jutting over the gully. Above the grinding noise of disaster came a thin, shrill scream.

Breathlessly, Yoakim crawled around the car, and peered below to the rocks. Thank God! Nikola was not there. Then Yoakim's heart leaped to his throat. Nikola was swinging from a



"Do not worry, little Baba, I shall get the cross, and you will have a new loom"

post in the center of the bridge, which had supported the now-broken rail. The boy's despairing clutch was all that kept him from the rocky bottom of the deep gully. His face was bloodless. It took only a glance to know that he could hold on but a moment or two longer.

Yoakim never clearly remembered the next few moments. He looked around wildly. Far down the road two peasants were jogging on horseback. But Nikola would let go his support before they would be near enough to help. Yoakim unwound his long belt, leaned as far over as he could and tied an end of the belt to each of Nikola's arms. It was hard work because the wide, woolen material would not tie tightly. The big loop of the belt he put around an unbroken wheel of the wrecked car.

He was not a moment too soon. Nikola's hands were slipping from the post, the post itself was bending, and the nails which had fastened it to the planks were beginning to yield. But the belt was wide and clumsy, and would not permit a double knot. The single knot might give. Moreover Yoakim could not let Nikola dangle by his slender wrists.

With all his might he tried to pull the boy to safety, but though thirteen-year-old Nikola was smaller than Yoakim, he was too heavy for Yoakim to lift. So Yoakim lay on his stomach on the bridge, and reaching down took firm hold of Nikola. He could not draw him up, but he would hold him safely. All the resoluteness and reliability of his nature were in his grasp.

Soon he began to wonder how long he could bear the cramp in his legs and the pain in his arms. Nikola smiled.

"You—can't—do—it," he gasped. "Perhaps—the belt—will hold. Tell—Tata." His head dropped. He had fainted.

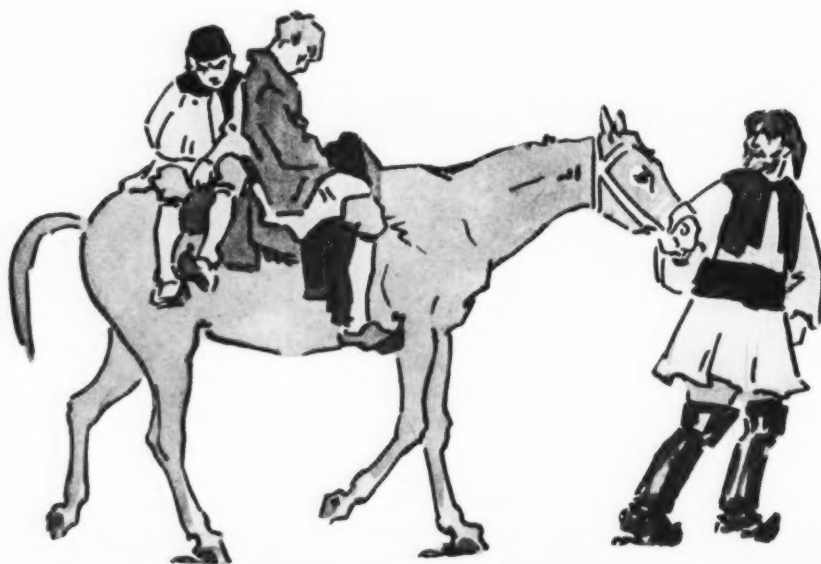
At last the peasants on their ambling horses saw the overturned automobile, and galloped to the bridge. Dismounting and picking their way around the wreckage, they found Yoakim.

When the unconscious Nikola was drawn to safety and placed on one of the horses, Yoakim rose on his benumbed legs, and letting his arms drop to a natural position, uttered a cry of agony. Something was wrong with his shoulder. So one of the peasants led the horse with the two boys to Baba Kamitch's cottage, and the other galloped back to tell the mayor.

It took a long time for Yoakim's torn shoulder muscle to heal, and his arm was still in a sling the day that the presednik and Nikola, recovered from the shock and strain of his experience, drove to Baba Kamitch's cottage with the finest loom ever seen in the village.

"I know," said Presednik Zhunich to Yoakim, "you told Vladika Yosef you wanted to swim because your Baba needed a loom. If you had won the cross you would have stayed in the village to play games and collect dinars, and you would not have found my boy. If you had not gone swimming every day in the Vardar you would not have been strong enough to hold him, and, though the belt was a good thought, the knots would probably have slipped. The least I can do is to thank God that your Baba has such a good grandson, and to give you your wish."

And Baba, feeling the loom and sensing its beauty and usefulness, put her arms around Yoakim and cried with joy.



Again the Red Cross Feeds the Hungry

THIS has been a bad winter. Never before in the history of the United States have there been so many people wanting work and unable to get it, so many people hungry and uncertain about the next meal.

In the twenty-one states where the worst drought on record destroyed crops and left farmers with little or nothing the Red Cross has been doing its best. Its work of feeding the hungry began last fall. As the winter went on, things got worse. When the Red Cross saw the \$5,000,000 it had on hand to meet the situation melting away, it asked the people for \$10,000,000 more. Some of the finest and busiest men and women in the land freely gave their time and their money to help raise this great fund.

The numbers to be fed grew steadily. There were 200,000; then 300,000; then more than half a million, with the prospect of still more as the drought-stricken farmers got to the very end of all they had of their own. Red Cross workers found that children were coming to school with nothing but cold biscuits for their lunches. So in school after school they began serving hot lunches every day. Many children could not come to school at all, because they had no clothes to wear. The Red Cross



Packing clothing to send to drought victims (above). Coatless, barefoot children to whom the clothing will go (below)

sent out an appeal for clothes for children of all ages and for grown-ups as well. In the shortest possible time, carloads of boxes of good clothing were on their way to the drought area. That shows what a good thing it is that almost every community in the United States has either a Red Cross Chapter or branch.

Money has been given generously; so has time and strength. In every center of relief dozens and dozens of volunteers have worked for many hours every day without getting a penny. Carloads of flour, corn, potatoes, beans, tomatoes and other vegetables have been donated from granaries and storage houses. The railroads carrying the shipments have carried them for nothing. Home demonstration agents of the Department of Agriculture have shown the farmers how to can the

meat from the stock they have had to kill because there was no more feed and the animals were too starved to sell.

President Hoover said in a radio appeal: "It is unthinkable that any of our people should suffer from hunger or want. The heart of the nation will not permit it."

As usual, in a great national disaster, everybody has helped, and so, once more, the Red Cross has been able to carry on its duties.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1931, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

Vol. 12

MARCH, 1931

No. 7

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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*Ting, Ting,
Comes the spring,
Dancing o'er the meadows,
And all the pretty flowers cry "Oh!"
When their flowers begin to grow.*

—VIRGINIA YOUNG, 4B
Elwood School, Philadelphia.

IF YOU ARE TEN

IN SEPTEMBER, 1917, more than thirteen years ago, the American Junior Red Cross was organized. Then the world was still torn with war. The Red Cross was doing all in its power to help the victims of this greatest of all disasters, and the school children of the United States insisted on having a share in the work. As soon as President Wilson's proclamation went out, saying that there would be a Junior branch of the Red Cross, schools came in by the hundreds of thousands. Soon garments made by Junior members and money earned by them began to pour in also. The sum mounted into the millions. After the war was over some of this was used to help children of Europe who had suffered all sorts of horror, loss and misery.

But the American Junior Red Cross did not end with the war. Many schools decided to keep right on helping in all sorts of ways within their power both at home and abroad. Some of them have been carrying on straight along ever since. In 1927 the schools that had been enrolled continuously for ten years were given a special certificate. Hundreds applied for it.

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Now, whenever a school has had a Junior Red Cross organization for ten years without a break, it may have this Decennial Certificate. Does your school deserve one? If so, the Junior Chairman of your Red Cross Chapter will see that you get it.

MORE ABOUT WHALES

THE New York Times recently had a report from Eden in New South Wales that reminded us of Miss Fox's "Thar She Blows" in last month's NEWS. It seems that the whole village was more or less in mourning because a dead whale had washed up on the beach. It was "Old Tom," a killer whale who had been helpful to the whalers of Eden for many a year, for he was said to be a hundred years old. Every year when the time came for the oil-bearing whales to come to those waters, a lookout would watch until the killer whales, led by Old Tom, had chased the other whales into Eden's harbor. Then the whalers would go out in their boats and get their prey, while Old Tom and the other killer whales patrolled the mouth of the harbor. Afterwards the whalers would throw some meat out for Tom and his band to eat.

A bulletin from the National Geographic Society tells how soap-making has brought whaling up to a big business again, though not in New England. Neither are the methods those of New Bedford and Nantucket times. Most of the whale oil produced today is brought in by fleets that go out from certain little Norwegian towns. Last year they sent out thirty-nine big steel ships with two hundred whaling boats. These whalers make their catch mostly in Antarctica. Some of you have perhaps read in Byrd's "Little America" how a Norwegian whaling captain towed the *City of New York* through the ice of the South Polar seas so as to save the Byrd expedition fuel. All of you who saw the motion picture of that expedition will recall the whales.

The big ships of the whaling fleet are really floating factories. They anchor in sheltered coves, and in their huge vats the oil is extracted from the whales towed to them by the boats. The whaling boats can make great speed as well as turn about quickly with the movements of a harpooned whale. On the bow of each is the harpoon gun. In the point of the harpoon is a bomb, charged with gunpowder, which explodes almost the instant the whale is struck. The Norwegian whalers now bring in more than five times as much oil for soap as the New Englanders brought for the lamps of long ago.

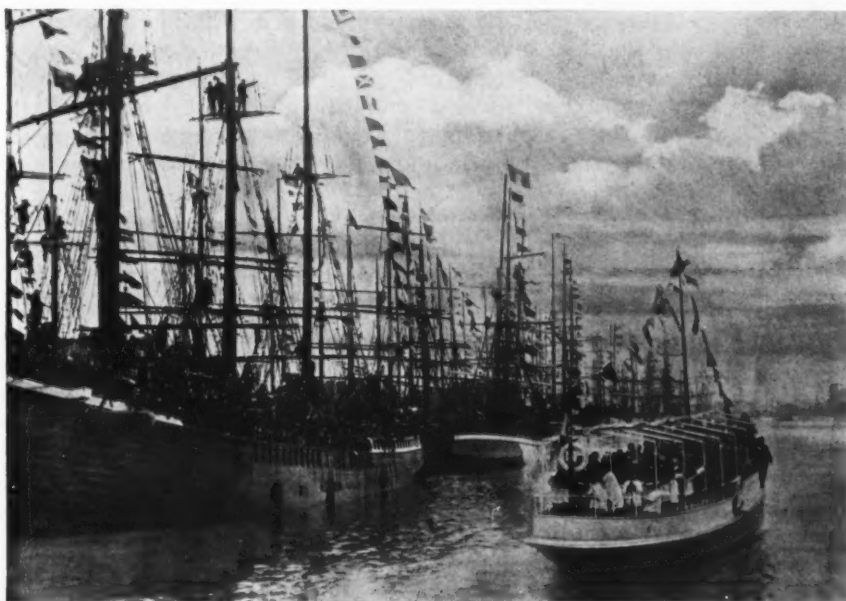
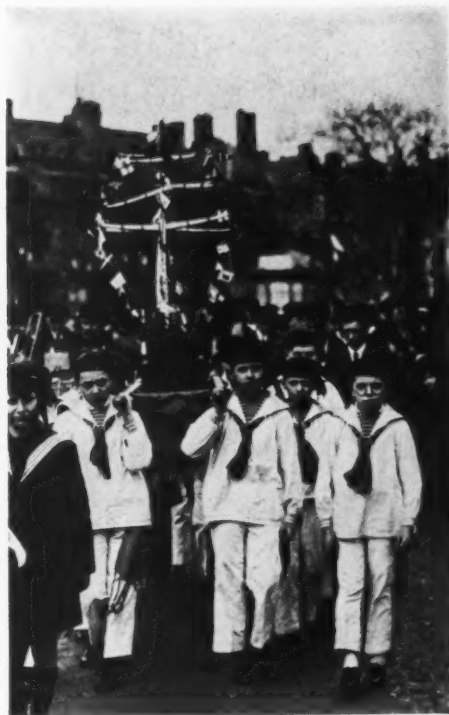
Out to Sea

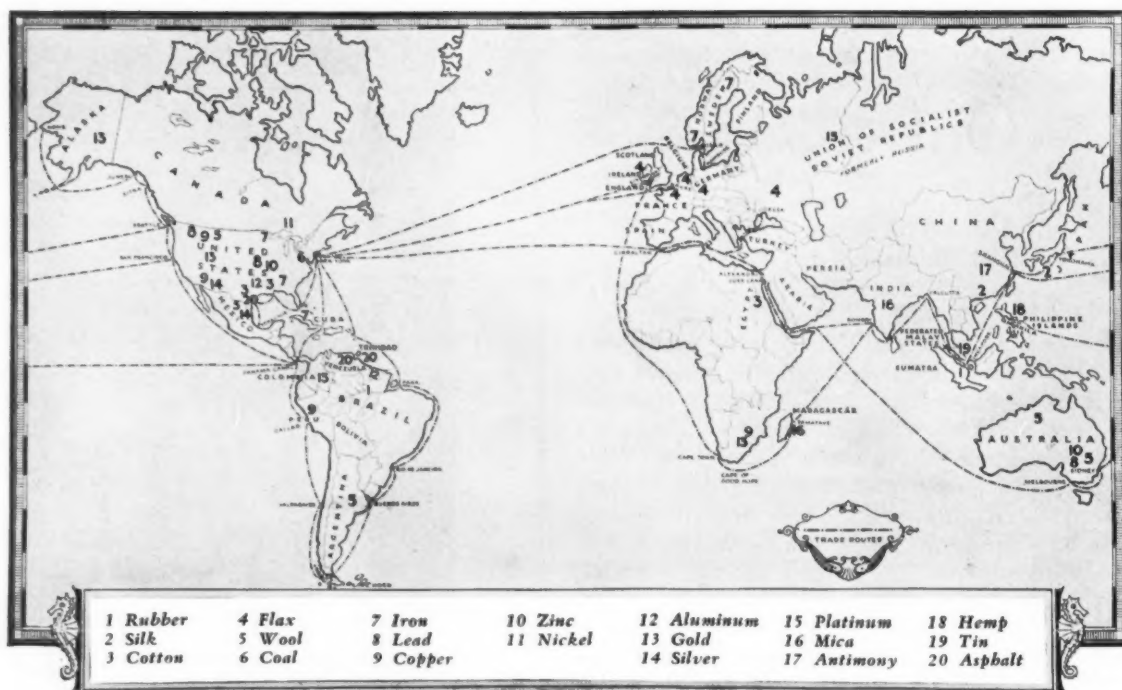
IN MARCH the fishing fleet of St. Malo on the coast of France, sets out for the Newfoundland Banks, just as it has done for the last four hundred years. The sons of the fishermen walk in a procession carrying models exactly like their fathers' ships, and in the harbor there is a beautiful old ceremony of goodbye. The fleet is blessed by an archbishop or other high church official and then goes out, not to return for months. The ships are all sailing vessels with square sails much like those on the ships of John Cabot and Jacques Cartier when they came over to the New World. Cartier, the great Canadian explorer, lived in St. Malo before he came to Canada. Another great hero of the town was a pirate, Duguay-Truin, who once captured Rio de Janeiro.

There is evidence that Jacques Cartier was not the first Breton to see the New World. Along this same northern coast lies the island of Bréhat whose fishermen still make part of the fleet that leaves Paimpol every spring for the shores of Iceland. Historical documents show that the ancestors of these men of Bréhat fished not only around Iceland but on the coast

of the New World as well. A record tells how in the year 1521 the fishermen of Bréhat promised to pay to a certain monastery a tenth of all their catch "from Iceland as well as from the New World, where they had been accus-

tomed to go for forty, fifty or sixty years." In 1484, says the same account, the Corsair Coataulem, a man born in Bréhat, left Brittany and went to live in Lisbon. There he met Christopher Columbus and told him about the New World. When Columbus sailed on his first voyage he steered north, so that if he had kept his course, he would have found the mainland. It was a flight of birds indicating land that made him turn south.





Showing where the materials that make up your telephone come from

COURTESY WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.

The World in Your Telephone*

THIRTY countries and islands are called upon to supply the twenty different materials needed in your telephone. Every hour of the day, somewhere around the world men and women are at work on those materials. Hindus in turbans, Japanese girls in kimonos, Russian peasants in head kerchiefs, Filipinos in sandals and pina cloth, sheep herders of Argentina and Australia, native miners in the mountains of China, all have a hand in making the instrument that is an everyday necessity in modern life.

From mines in the United States, Peru and South Africa, your telephone draws the copper for the wire that conducts the electrical current. Copper has an ancient history, for it was used long before the beginning of written records. Dishes of copper and bronze, and copper coins have been dug from prehistoric ruins. The Phoenicians mined it in Spain and combined it with tin from Britain to make bronze, which they worked into knives, coins, vases, and dishes. In the early days of Rome, a man's

wealth was measured by the amount of copper he owned. If he had as much as 150,000 pounds, he had to equip himself for fighting in the front ranks of the legion. But copper took on its greatest importance when it was discovered how fine a conductor of electrical current it is. Cables made up of many copper wires travel for miles under our streets and on poles along our highways.

The cables are covered with a sheath of lead. This lead and that for other purposes in the telephone system comes from the mines of Missouri, Idaho and Australia. One great thing about lead is the fact that it will not rust. Lead pipes laid in Rome and Pompeii and Herculaneum before the birth of Christ are still whole, while iron pipes and other iron objects made back in those days have long since turned to dust. But lead is rather soft, so a small proportion of antimony is used to harden the lead

* Based on "From the Far Corners of the Earth," a booklet published by the Western Electric Company, 195 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

in making the cable which protects the delicate telephone wires. We go half way around the globe for the antimony, which is mined in the province of Hunan in China.

Lead is combined with tin to make the solder that joins together thousands and tens of thousands of wires on the switchboards in central offices and makes firm, good, current-carrying connections between many of the small parts of the telephone instrument itself. The tin comes from the Malay Peninsula and the little island of Banka in the Dutch East Indies.

The copper wires in the lead jacketed cable are in pairs. Each wire is separately wrapped with hemp paper. Then a pair is twisted together. The whole bundle of two hundred or more pairs is wrapped in a layer of Manila hemp paper before the lead sheath goes on. The hemp for this paper grows only on the Philippine Islands six thousand miles from San Francisco. As a matter of fact, it isn't hemp at all, but fiber from a kind of banana plant which bears no fruit. Old Manila hemp rope that has seen its days of usefulness on farms or sailed the Seven Seas as ships' cordage is reduced to a pulp which is dried and pressed until it comes out in sheets of the strongest sort of paper. And this paper, which started life far away in the Pacific isles, insulates the wires so that the thousands and thousands of messages going over them every day may not get off the track. Another kind of paper used for the telephone started life in the flax fields of Belgium, Ireland, France, Germany or Russia.

In the New World, where we depend so much on machinery to do our work, we would never have the patience to cultivate flax as they do in the old countries. Often the seed is sown by hand and the plants are weeded by hand and even pulled gently by hand so as not to injure the fiber. In some places the fiber is even combed by hand from the useless part of the stem. Flax fiber spun into threads and woven into linen serves first in dresses, tablecloths, pillowcases and sheets. In the end, rags from these and the scraps from linen factories are pulped and made into high-grade linen paper. Linen paper is used in the condensers in the receivers and transmitters of telephone

instruments which direct the currents in the way they should go. In making some kinds of condensers, mica is used instead of paper. Once the mica lay in "books" of sheets of metal in a hillside of India or Madagascar.

For ages gold and silver have been precious metals. Wealthy women of ancient Egypt and Assyria wore gold and silver jewelry. Seven centuries before Christ was born, the Babylonians combined gold and silver to make the Babylonian *stater*, the oldest coin that is known. Two hundred years later the King of Lydia was using in trade lumps of gold stamped with his image. After that traders of Tyre and Alexandria, Florence and Genoa, Flanders and England, went far and wide, using gold and silver in their exchanges. The metals became established as standards of value in the world's business.

In the eighteenth century, platinum, more precious even than silver or gold, was discovered in the Ural Mountains between old Russia and Siberia. Now that industry has found uses for all three of these metals they have become more precious than ever. When you take down your telephone receiver to make a call, two springs in the instrument come together until their points of gold, platinum and silver alloy make contact—a path over which the voice currents travel. Contact points made of the alloy of these precious metals will not corrode and cause trouble for the voice currents. So when you make a call, you are using services supplied by silver

miners of our Southwest or of Mexico; by platinum miners in the far-away country of the Soviets or down in Colombia; by gold workers who have dredged the river sands or torn down hillsides with streams of water or blasted ore from mines in the native rock in our Rocky Mountain states, Alaska, or the Transvaal of South Africa.

The telephone industry could scarcely get along without using rubber. Sheet rubber forms the shell of the receiver, moulded rubber dust makes the cap you put to your ear, and rubber is used in many other parts and places throughout the whole telephone system. But rubber could never have been used for the telephone without



COURTESY WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.
Antimony mine in China



Combing flax in Poland

Charles Goodyear's invention. Goodyear spent years of his life and about every cent he had trying to improve rubber making. At last, the story goes, he promised his wife to give it up and to turn his attention to something that would make a living for them. One day, though, he was having just one more try. He heard his wife's step outside the door and hastily dropped on the stove a piece of rubber with some sulphur in it. His problem was solved. In the heat the rubber was somehow combined with the sulphur and changed so that in either high or low temperatures it bent without breaking and was no longer sticky. And that was the beginning of vulcanizing rubber, a step necessary in putting to the many, many uses of today the milky fluid that men collect for us from the rubber trees in the Amazon jungle and on the plantations of Sumatra.

Iron for the telephone comes from red ore lifted by steam shovels from the great deposits in Minnesota. Miners of New South Wales helped get out the zinc used in the brass screws of your telephone and for coating the iron parts so as to keep them from rusting. Every time you speak into a telephone your voice affects little grains of coal in the transmitter. Men



Carrying hemp to market, Bukidnor, Philippine Islands

BUREAU OF INSULAR AFFAIRS



Tapping a rubber tree

BUREAU OF INSULAR AFFAIRS

with lamps on their heads dug the coal from down in the anthracite mines of our Allegheny Mountains. The hand-

some black finish on your telephone instrument is of asphalt. It may have been made by distilling petroleum from Mexico, California or our Gulf Coast states. Or it may have come from an asphalt lake in Trinidad or Venezuela.

Almost all the wires used in your telephone are covered with threads made of cotton gathered by Negroes singing while they work in our southern plantations or by dark sons of Egypt in the cotton fields of the upper Nile. The cords that reach from the telephone instrument back to the box on the wall are covered with pure silk braid from China and Japan.

Many parts of the telephone system are protected against the effects of the atmosphere by a plating of nickel from Sudbury in Ontario, which supplies most of the nickel of the world. The wool for the pad on the base of the telephone instrument once grew on the backs of sheep in Idaho or Argentina or Australia.

Suppose that one day when you took down the receiver you could summon a picture of all the lands and people having a part in making your telephone. What a movie that would be!



Merino sheep from Australia

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Dear Friends in America

THIS month, instead of having the international correspondence all on one country, we have chosen material from Greece and Norway.

OLIVES FROM AN AEGEAN ISLE

Last summer an unusual gift came from the Gymnasium at Tinos in Greece to the Mountain Home School in Arkansas. This is the letter that came with the gift from that distant island:

"DEAR JUNIORS:

"It is a long time since we received your beautiful album and we sent you back one which we hope you have received. We often look at yours and think of you, whom we consider as brothers. We are writing to you again so that you may remember us, too.

"The island where we live is a small one in the Aegean Sea. Although its climate is splendid, it has few products. Its chief one is olives and we have prepared some to send you.

"There are two ways of preparing olives. The first one is to leave the fruit to dry for three or four days. Then we salt them and after two or three days we put them in salt water and in that state they are eaten by the peasants and many poor people. The second one is to put the olives in water after they are gathered to take away their bitter taste. Then we slit them and put them in salt water for twenty-four hours and after that soak them for another twenty-four hours in vinegar. Then we put them in a suitable pot which we fill up with oil. The olives prepared in that way are more expensive and are used as appetizers by rich people. Those we send you are prepared in the second manner.

"In making oil, we press the olives between two round stones until they form a thick mass. We wrap this up in woolen towels which we put in a smaller press and the oil then comes out of the pores of the towel. It is the oil which we use for our food.

"We also send you two photographs, one of which shows Juniors picking grapes and another one Juniors putting the olives in pots."

From Bodö in Norway came an album for a rural school in Orchard, Colorado. The Bodö Juniors write:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"We thank you very much for the kind letters we received from you. We are very interested to hear about your country as it is very different from ours.

"We live in the part of the country which is called Nordland (North country) and in June we have sunshine both day and

night, but in the month of December we cannot see the sun at all.

"Great parts of the country are mountains where people can't live. On some mountains there is ice in summer as well as winter.

"Many people where we live have their income from the sea. Early in the morning they go out in their little boats for fishing. Often they return with much fish but it sometimes happens that they never return at all as stormy weather sets in and they are not able to manage their boats.

"Norway's long coast abounds in fish, cod, ling, and herring, and so yields a large supply of food to the people. One of the greatest fisheries takes place in Lofoten, not far from Bodö where we live. In the months of February and March thousands of fisher boats from every part of the



A view from Setesdalen, showing the bare, ice-scarred mountains and deep fjords that are typical of Norway



Greek Juniors putting olives in pots

the fishermen assemble to catch them. They are caught in nets and on the upper part of the nets there are tied pieces of cork to make them float in the sea, and they are so placed as to form a long wall in the water. As the cod swim along they are caught in the nets, which are made so as to allow the smaller fish to go through the meshes and escape. As soon as the boats return in the morning a great quantity of cod is at once sent off to the towns where they are eaten fresh. But most of the Lofoten cod are salted or dried, so that they can be kept for a long time, and then a large quantity is sent to other countries, such as Spain, France and Portugal."

Juniors of Stabekk in Norway show their appreciation for the beautiful old national costumes which are now seldom seen. Some of you may remember Miss Upjohn's article, "Sup-

country make their way to Lofoten, but for a short time they stop here in our harbor and as far as we can see, our eyes meet nothing but masts.

"On the coast of Lofoten a great number of people are employed in catching cod and preparing them for the market. Cod come in great shoals, and when these shoals approach the shore

pose You Lived in Norway," which appeared in the NEWS for February, 1930.

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"We are sending you pictures of our old-country clothes. Now the people who live in the valleys a good way from the town are the only ones who wear such beautiful clothes. In the towns we wear ordinary European clothes. Every valley used to have different dresses, but now many of the people use their valley dresses only when there are weddings or other festivities or on Sundays. If they go to church on a Sunday they are all dressed in their finest clothes. At the neck is a lovely handmade silver brooch. They wear black shoes with silver clasps. The different valleys have different ways of building and decorating their homes.

"The Norwegian country folk have been and are still very clever with their fingers. They paint their cupboards, table and chairs in dazzling colors and beautiful designs."

The Bodö Juniors wrote of the long, dark days of December. Those of Stabekk tell about Norway's wonderful midnight sun.

"About one-third of Norway lies within the Northern Polar Circle, so it is rather a big part of our country that you can call the land of the midnight sun. In the summer the sun never sets in these parts. At Finmark in the extreme North the sun does not set from May to August. It is strange to see the sun to the North as we do there at midnight. It has a beautiful purple splendor."



Greek Juniors picking grapes



The kind of houses Norwegian Juniors live in



Shipping New Year's gifts in Tokio from Japanese Juniors to the United States

Juniors in Other Lands

WHEN an earthquake shattered dozens of homes in villages near Valona in south Albania, the Junior Red Cross branch in the Albanian Vocational School decided to help. By saving the money for desserts at the noonday meal, by contributions from active and honorary members, by wages given by volunteers for extra work and by taking 300 gold francs from the branch treasury, they collected \$230. This was spent to fill Christmas boxes for children under ten years of age in the stricken area. In all, 224 boxes were filled. In each was a quilted vest, a sweater, or shirt, a pair of stockings, a pair of moccasins, a handkerchief, two candles and a box of matches, and raisins, figs and candies. There are no box factories in Albania, so the boxes were made by the students themselves in the school shops. A crew of five boys spent two days filling them and putting them into the three great packing cases which they had built.

The cases, weighing 887 pounds in all, were taken to Durazzo in the school truck and went down the coast by ship. An instructor and two boys from the school had been appointed by the J. R. C. committee to go along and make

the distribution. At two o'clock in the morning of Christmas Eve the party reached Valona. By four o'clock on Christmas morning they were on the road, with permits from the relief committee to make the distribution. The authorities at Valona had lent them a truck and driver.

All of Christmas Day they went from village

to village giving out the boxes. They found the earthquake sufferers living in tents or in shelters of hay, reeds or rough sticks plastered over with mud and straw. The distribution went on next day, for the distances were long. Fifteen miles from one village on their list, the three relief workers found that a bridge had been swept away by the floods. There was no getting over with a truck, so they loaded two bags of boxes on a donkey, and, shouldering a bag apiece, they set out on foot. After two hours of marching, they met a



A Polish Junior putting her first-aid training into practice on an injured schoolmate

man on a mule who was willing to trade mounts, and soon they were happily on the way again with the mule carrying all five bags. Not long afterwards the horses for which they had telephoned ahead met them at last. So for the rest of that day and part of the next, the three rode

horseback and gave out the last of the boxes. "The surprised happiness of the children and the thanks of their parents amply repaid our toil and expense," says their account in *Laboremus*, the school paper.

When they got back to their truck, they gave the driver, who had been guarding the car, a good second-hand overcoat that one of the teachers had donated. They were soon back in Valona where they had the thanks of the Prefect and his relief committee.

JUNIORS of a school in one of the poor parts of London, England, "adopted" a crippled woman named Mary who lived nearby in great poverty with her old father. Every week the Juniors visited them, bringing groceries of all kinds that they had collected and pennies for her gas meter without which the two would have had no heat whatsoever. In the summer they combined with Juniors of a neighboring school and gave her a country holiday. Mary wrote about them to the Red Cross headquarters.

"You would love to see them come. I leave the string in the door, and if we are both ill in bed, up they come, and really, if you knew what a real good time we have, you would always say what a blessing your work of love is; for my life was so very sad before, but now there are lots of sunny hours for me and daddy.

"And now I am going to tell you the wonderful news. I and my daddy are going for a week in Hampshire with my uncle. It was my sweet little mother's home, and I have been waiting years to see it, and now the joy has come. . . . The sweet part of it is the children look after me while they are on their holiday, and I expect have done without lots their own dear selves."

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN Juniors are especially fond of flowers. Those at Jablkynece describe their garden work:

This place is famous because the great composer Smetana lived here at the forester's lodge with his sister, the wife of the forester Svarc. Near the lodge stands the Smetana monument. The Red Cross Juniors at our school look after the big garden by the monument. We rear the flowers for this garden in our school nursery garden which, so far, is twenty-one meters long. [A meter is about forty inches.] This, however, is not large enough for us, and next year we shall enlarge it. We sell seedlings of flowers and vegetables to all the neighborhood, and last year made more than 1,000 crowns [about \$30]. We are constructing greenhouses which it will take three years to complete.

The village green possesses an ancient chapel which was formerly a place of worship for the Bohemian Brethren,

and a very old belfry tower. The village can boast of many Bohemian farms with carved gables. In the game preserve which is right beside the village and the forester's lodge there are beautiful groups of old trees, and a number of fishponds with sandy bottoms.

We want to build a new Smetana School here, and so we earn money for it by distributing advertisements for the big trading firms. We have an advertising car in which we go from village to village.

Juniors of Velen, Czechoslovakia, grow flowers in pots in their windows during the winter, and during the summer they cultivate medicinal herbs, which they give to anyone who wants them. Last year so many people came for the herbs that their supplies had given out by February.

BECAUSE she had had training in first aid in the Junior Red Cross, a girl of Belfast, Ireland, was able to save her sister from choking to death, when her mother was at her wits' end and did not know what to do.

LAST spring the Junior Red Cross group at the first progymnasium in Samocov, Bulgaria, had a competition for building bird houses. Af-

ter the competition was over the Juniors put twenty of their bird houses in the trees in the school courtyard. By the end of May all the houses had tenants and there were baby birds in several of them.

Some of the Juniors put up bird houses near their

own homes, which were well occupied.

During the winter after hearing a lecture by the teacher guide on the life of birds during the winter, thirty-six girls and sixty-one boys made shelters for the birds, where they could come for food.

ONE of the two boys on the Calendar this month is from the neighborhood of Skopleje in southern Jugoslavia. He is almost a city boy in his fresh white linens and red girdle. The other is a young shepherd from the Macedonian hills to whom it comes hard to learn the forty letters of the Serbian alphabet.

IN Jugoslavia, upper-grade Juniors coach the younger ones and those who have fallen behind in their studies.



Lithuanian Juniors showing pages of an album which they have prepared for America



At Easter Time

EAST and west, north and south, Juniors everywhere are busy bringing cheer at Easter time. Even the littlest take part in these celebrations. In Boston, Massachusetts, last year children of kindergarten age took part in a competition to see which could make the best gifts to go to children in hospitals and other institutions. The first lot of presents went to the New England Home for Little Wanderers, where there are twenty boys and girls crippled by infantile paralysis, rheumatic fever and rickets. Others went to the House of the Good Samaritan, the contagious ward of the City Hospital, the Children's Clinic of the Massachusetts General Hospital and the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary.

On the other side of the continent, in Stockton, California, Juniors of the Weber Primary School made three hundred Easter favors for ex-service men in the Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco. Half the favors were gay little birds of paradise, made of peanuts, with brightly tinted heads, eyes of colored, glass-headed pins and long trailing tails of crepe paper. The other favors were real egg shells dyed and each filled with a tiny yellow chick standing on colored cotton and hiding a package of chewing gum.

In the south, Juniors sent to the children's ward of Battle Hill Sanatorium, Atlanta, Georgia, a sand box which is very particularly enjoyed by the sick children. Atlanta Juniors of

the North Avenue Presbyterian School gave an Easter egg hunt for the Georgia Children's Home, and sent victrola records, favors and flowers to the Old Ladies' Home and Eggleston Memorial Hospital; their orchestra gave a program at the alms house.

Brooklyn, New York, Juniors sent as Easter gifts to the United States Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, a coop of live baby chickens and a pair of white mice. The thank-you letter says:

Some of the convalescent patients built a large, wire-covered raft which was placed beside the chicken coop which the children had made. This gave the chickens a chance to run about a bit. One of the men brought in a worm one day and dropped it into a corner of the cage. To use the Navy slang, this "started something." The lucky or unlucky chick that seized the worm was immediately jumped on by the rest of the gang; freeing himself and holding the worm aloft in his bill, down the cage he went like a football hero, the rest in hot pursuit. They tackled him, threw him, and all but covered him, but he held onto the worm until he had had at least a taste. The delighted men kept plenty of worms on hand after that, and the chickens never lacked for an audience whenever they felt like scrapping over a worm.

The white mice came in for their share of attention also, for they proceeded to have a family soon after their arrival. One of the patients took entire charge of them at once. Every morning he fed them and cleaned their cage, and spent most of his time teaching them tricks. One morning he found six baby mice. His S. O. S. brought a doctor, a nurse and the Red Cross worker, as well as all the patients in the room, for the father mouse, in a most unfatherly manner, was trying to devour his offspring. It took quite a bit of ingenuity and resulted in one sailor boy being given first aid for a mouse bite before the father mouse was finally removed from the bosom of his family and placed in a cage by himself.



McKinley School, Great Falls, Montana, Juniors made 110 birdhouses

Our American Juniors



Doll showing Hungarian national costume sent from Juniors in Ujpest, Hungary, to Stuart Junior High School, Washington, D. C. Only noblewomen wear this costume today.

possible time, National Red Cross headquarters did not stop to repack the currants in smaller lots, but sent the boxes out whole to large chapters which would be able to take care of such a quantity as forty-four pounds. They recommended that home economics classes use them in cookies.

Almost all the schools to which the currants were offered were eager to use them to feed the hungry. Within a few days, the New Orleans Juniors said that they had already sent out their first batch of cookies. They were plan-

ning to make the cookies daily, and ship them while they were still warm, so that they would be fresh and good when they reached the drought sufferers. Several cities, hearing what other Junior Chapters were doing, wrote in to headquarters asking that they, too, might be privileged to take part.

Other children, even the very little ones, did all they could to help with the drought relief. One little girl named Rosemary Ernisse, of Webster, New York, sent fifty cents to President Hoover. She had just learned to write, and she printed in her letter:

Dear Mr. Hoover, here is a big white penny from my bank. Will you buy some bread and butter and milk and candy for the little boys and girls who are hungry?

In New York City a boy who had been saving his money all winter for skates heard the radio appeal for money. After it was over, he took his savings to his mother, and asked her to send a check to the Red Cross for the whole amount.

THE flourishing Junior Red Cross in Guam is busily engaged in making a collection of everyday articles that show how the people there live. Different schools are pledging themselves to give one or more items on the list, which includes dolls dressed in native costume, a house made in native fashion from the leaves of the nipa palm, various articles woven from the palm

leaf, a floor mat, a bullock cart, an outrigger canoe, beautiful sea shells, a Chamorro baby's rattle made of small shells, and pictures of the island. These will be sent to this country to show Juniors here the daily life of the island.

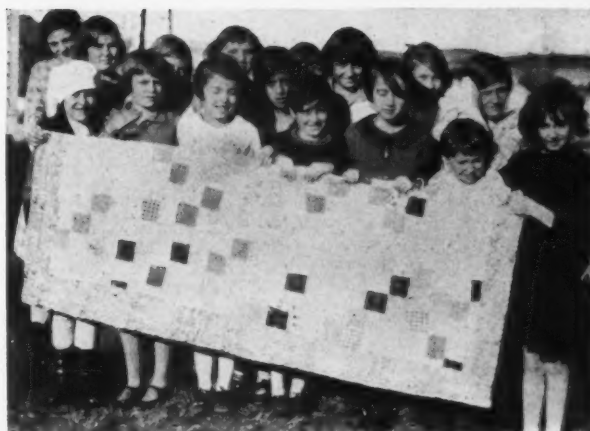
STUART Junior High School, Washington, D. C. received the following letter with the doll pictured on the opposite page from the Middle Class School Girls, Ujpest, Hungary:

OUR DEAR FRIENDS IN AMERICA:

We received your kind letter and the doll; she is a dear little thing. Her dresses are so pretty that the Hungarian dolls became envious, but now they are the best of friends and they are teaching her some Hungarian words. She teaches them also some English words to say, "Hello! how are you dear friends from Hungary?"

And now we have to explain the two dresses of our doll. The one which has a dark blue skirt with a striped blouse is a school dress because the dress which she is wearing is just like our uniform. In the other dress she is very noble, because she wears the old Hungarian national dress. This dress was worn fifty years ago, but now only the noble ladies wear it on big national festivals. We hope the doll will cause you such pleasure as we had with yours. The dresses are made by the school pupils with the help of our teachers, just like yours. We work on them only in the afternoon on working days. We make nice needlework on these working days, and then sell it. With the money we buy dresses for the poor children. The dresses are distributed every Christmas, when we have a nice Christmas tree, and we put the dresses under it. You may imagine how glad the poor children are by seeing it; but not the children only, for we also are very glad to see their happiness.

THROUGH an article in the NEWS last year, the Lincoln, New Hampshire, Junior Red Cross got interested in the lepers of the Philippines, and sent them a contribution of forty dollars. In addition to this money, they have also sent many packets of postal cards to entertain them. These cards had been used, but were neat and clean. Juniors pasted thin pieces of paper over the writing to cover it so that the packets could be sent at a cheaper postal rate. These same Juniors



Juniors of fourth and fifth grades, East Jordan, Michigan, with the quilt they made for a poor family

have corresponded with children in the Perkins Institute for the Blind, to whom they sent the Braille edition of Miss Upjohn's "Friends in Strange Garments." For a thank-you the blind children pricked their letters in the Braille alphabet, and their teachers wrote a translation between the lines for the Lincoln Juniors to read.

MAINE and Florida Juniors have been exchanging information about their local trees. First the Juniors of Miami Beach School sent a fresh cocoanut to the seventh and eighth grades of the Washington State Normal Training School at Machias, Maine, who had never seen one before, and were deeply interested in it.

In reply to this the Maine Juniors wrote an account of an experiment in dyeing the wood in living trees which was being carried on in their own neighborhood. The dye is put into the tree early in the spring and when the sap begins to flow it carries the color along with it into all parts of the wood. In this way common woods may be made to look like mahogany and other more valuable woods.

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The
House
that fill
cleaned



When you are quite grown-up



and have a
HOME



of your
OWN

IF YOU WANT TO BE HEALTHY & HAPPY

YOU MUST BE CLEAN



see that the floor is really clean
(even where it doesn't show)

and
see that the shelves
are kept free from
dust,



for goodness sake

keep the
sink clean!



and the

laddershelves
well scrubbed,



AND

above all

always keep yourself clean



WHERE THERE'S DIRT THERE'S DANGER

COURTESY HEALTH & CLEANLINESS COUNCIL, LONDON

